In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fel.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, whence ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne vnto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.
Deme. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I do not, not I cannot loue you?
Hel. And euen for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beate me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you vſe your dog.
Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.
Deme. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is here to looke on me?
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde Beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flyes, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Doue purſues the Griffen, the milde Hinde